

The Lincoln County Herald
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BY
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95—If Paid Within the Year.

C. M. B. THURMOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
NO. 515 CHESNUT STREET,
(Kegons Building)
ST. LOUIS, MO.

N. F. RING,
Attorney at Law,
LOUISIANA, MISSOURI,
WILL practice in the counties of Callaway,
Montgomery, Lincoln, Pike and Ralls.
aug 5 ad

A. H. BUCKNER E. A. LEWIS.
BUCKNER & LEWIS,
Attorneys at Law,
ST. CHARLES, MO.
PRACTICE in all the Courts of St. Charles
Warren, Montgomery and Lincoln counties,
the District Court of St. Charles, and the Supreme
Court at St. Louis. [Oct. 26, 1866: n44]

JOSEPH B. ALLEN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AGENT HANBAL STATE INS. CO. AND
N. Y. CONTINENTAL LIFE INS. CO.
Troy, Missouri.
WILL practice in all the Courts of the three
Judicial Districts. All business entrusted to
his care will be promptly attended to.
Dec. 12, 1865. n1

R. D. WALTON,
Attorney at Law,
Troxton, Lincoln County, Mo.
WILL practice in the Courts of the Third Judicial
District. [Feb 13 1867.

F. T. WILLIAMS,
Attorney at Law,
AND
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Troxton, Lincoln County,
MISSOURI.
December 12, 1865. n1 ly

DR. J. C. GOODRICH
DENTIST,
Office Wentzville Mo.
Nitrous Oxid Gas administered for the painless
removal of teeth.
At Troy the last week of each month.
Reference my old patrons,
June 28, 1867.]

MAX MARTINIK,
TAILOR,
Is now located in the "OLD POST-OFFICE
BUILDING," a few doors west of W. A. Jack
son's store, where he is prepared to do
CUTTING AND ALL KINDS OF TAILORING,
to the satisfaction of his customers, and for the
most reasonable prices.
DON'T FAIL TO GIVE HIM A CALL.
sep 26 '67 n40 6m

WM. DAVISON,
WATCH & CLOCK
MAKER,
One Door North of the Town Hall,
TROY, MO.
Jewelry of all kinds made to order, and
all work warranted.
Oct 24, '67 n45

J. S. FINLEY,
MANUFACTURER OF
HORSE COLLARS,
TROY, MO.
HAVING established a Horse Collar Manufac-
ture in Troy, I desire to call the atten-
tion of Farmers throughout the country, and
desire to have them know that I will keep on hand at all times
COLLARS OF MY OWN MANUFACTURE,
and promptly fill all other orders.
I will make collars to the order of any one so
desiring, at a
REASONABLE RATE
as they can be had elsewhere, and of better quality
than the imported ones, that have created so
much dissatisfaction among farmers and horse-
men.
Jan. 1866. n1

TROY
Christian Institute.
THE THIRD ANNUAL SESSION
of this Institution will commence on
Monday, September 7, 1866.
Term for Session of Twenty Weeks.
Board, Fuel, Light, 875 00
Tuition in Common Department, 20 00
Tuition in Academic Department, 30 00
Tuition in Primary Department, 6 00
Lessons on Piano, 20 00
Use of Instrument, 6 00
Drawing and Painting, 10 00
French, 10 00
Working per dozen, 20 00
Contingent fee, 50 00
All bills due at beginning of session.
All Students charged from time of entry till
they have completed their course.
We commence this session with four regular
Teachers, all graduates of the best institutions
in the country. Miss E. J. Jackson, who takes
charge of the Common Department, was graduated
at Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo., and then at
Misses Mary Seminary, Conn. Mr. J. O. Bowie,
who takes charge of the Primary Department, is a
graduate of the University of Virginia, and
was recommended by the Faculty of that In-
stitution, the University of this Faculty being reg-
ular graduates of Virginia University. The
other members of our Faculty are known to the
community.
For further information address
Prof. W. CHRISTIAN.
aug 25 '66]

LINCOLN COUNTY HERALD.

VOL. 3. TROY, MO., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1868. NO. 51.

The Only Democratic Magazine Pub-
lished in the United States.
VOL. 7. 1869.
THE OLD GUARD,
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
Devoted to Literature, Science and Art,
and to the Political Principles of the
Wise Founders of the American
System of Government.
THE OLD GUARD is about to enter upon its Sev-
enth Volume, with a redoubled zeal in the cause
of American Liberty and American civilization.
The field for such a magazine is wider now than
ever before. Political incompetency and treach-
ery to the fundamental principles of our govern-
ment, on the part of journals professing to be
Democratic, call now for an unflinching pen on the
side of the old guard. No quarters shall be
given, no party shown to the disadvantage of public
crimes, whose flag-gates are now not too for an-
other year.
Several literary novelties will be presented in
this new volume, among which will be a series of
original sketches of Indian life and character, by
WILLIAM GIL ORE SIMS, the ablest of all the
surviving representatives of the best and bright-
est of American literature.

TERMS, CASH IN ADVANCE.
One Copy, one year, \$ 3 00
Two Copies, 5 00
Four Copies, 10 00
Five Copies, and one to get-up of club, 14 00
Ten Copies, 25 00
Twenty Copies, 45 00
Single Copies, 25 cents.
The Magazine is always stopped when the
subscription expires. It is not necessary to give
notice of discontinuance. Additions to Clubs at
club rates. It is not required that all members
of the club be at the same post office.
Subscriptions may commence with any number.
When no time is specified it will be understood
that the subscriber wishes to begin with the Janu-
ary number, the first one of the volume, and
back numbers will be sent accordingly.
All letters should be addressed as follows:
VAN EMBLE, HORTON & CO.,
Publishers, 162 Nassau street, New York.

A Magnificent Premium.
We will send per express, carefully boxed, a
Grover & Baker Sewing Machine, to any one who
will send us, at any one time, THREE
SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE OLD GUARD, at \$3 00 each.
The regular manufacturers' price is \$50. No
such opportunity to procure a superior Family
Machine was ever offered. Subscriptions can be
sent from newspaper post-offices.

NEWSPAPERS.
THE BEST ARE THE CHEAPEST.
A "Litt" has just been published for the use of
advertisers, including the leading Democratic and
Republican papers in all the States and cities of the
United States, having more than 10,000 publica-
tions (dailies being given wherever any are pub-
lished), and also most of the weekly publications,
the regular circulation of which exceeds 10,000
copies each issue.
Sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents.
Address
GEO. P. ROWELL & CO.,
Advertising Agents, 40 Park Row, N. Y.

Final Settlement.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons inter-
ested in the undersigned administrator of the
estate of John Connor, deceased, to make a final
settlement of his administration of said estate, at
the next February term of the Lincoln County
Court, to be begun and held in Troy, on Monday,
the 8th day of February, 1869, de-
c10 n99 WILLIAM YOUNG, Adm'r.

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the 8th day of February, 1869, de-
c10 n99 ANNE DIXON, Adm'r.

Final Settlement.
NOTICE is hereby given to all persons inter-
ested in the undersigned administrator of the
estate of Edward J. Peers, deceased, to make a final
settlement of his administration of said estate, at
the next February term of the Lincoln County
Court, to be begun and held in Troy, on Monday,
the 8th day of February, 1869, de-
c10 n99 JOS. B. ALLEN, Adm'r.

Order of Publication.
BY order of the Lincoln County Court I hereby
publish to all persons interested in the estate of
A. J. Hamilton, deceased, that at the November
term, 1868, of said Court, I made applica-
tion for the sale of the real estate belonging to
said estate, or so much thereof as will be
sufficient to satisfy the debts of said deceased.
Unless the contrary be shown on the first day
of the February term, 1869, an order will be
made by said Court for the sale of said real estate,
or so much thereof as will satisfy the debts of
said deceased.
JOS. B. ALLEN, Adm'r. de-
c10 n99 JOS. B. ALLEN, Adm'r.

Administrator's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Admin-
istration were granted to J. W. Sifton, on the
10th day of August, 1868, by the Clerk of the
County Court of Lincoln County, Mo.
All persons having claims against said estate
are required to exhibit them to the administrator
for allowance within one year from the date of
said letters, or they may be precluded from any
benefit of said estate, and if not exhibited
within two years from the date of said letters
they shall be forever barred.
J. W. SIFTON, Adm'r. n-
dec10 n99 J. W. SIFTON, Adm'r.

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JOHN H. SIFTON, Adm'r. n-
dec10 n99 JOHN H. SIFTON, Adm'r.

THE OLD KEEPERS STORY.
[From Once a Week.]
It was a quaint room in which I sat,
with the firelight flashing into each cor-
ner, and the stuffed birds, foxes and pole-
cats looking like the leaping blaze.
A quaint cottage room, but the essence
of comfort. As I pulled at the stiff glass
of water and whisky and puffed my meer-
scham, I felt excessively comfortable.
I was in no hurry to get my wet water
boots dried which lay steaming on the
ample hearth.
My temporary host sat opposite; a fine
athletic old man, with snow-white hair
and whiskers. The cut of his coat and the
way he looked on his weather-beaten, honest
face sufficiently told the ex-gam-
keeper, had not the retrieve pup at his
feet and the gun behind him added evi-
dence. A fine specimen of his class; he
was well-knit even at eighty years of age,
with a frank, cheery look in his eye that
told of straight-forward truth and worth.
I had been snipe shooting on some
marshes. I rented of a lady of the manor,
and having got soaked in a deep rivulet
from a fall, had sought shelter in the
keeper's cottage. To be a sportsman,
was, to be sure, a passport to his favor,
added to which his grandson, Tom, was
my invariable attendant and bag carrier.
The old man I had seen but once, when
on my renting the shooting from Lady
Linwood, he, as her keeper, had shown me
the boundaries. The great Hall was
closed, for Lady Linwood, a childless
widow, lived permanently at Nice, and
her fair estates were all let. She was
the widow of a poor Lieutenant Colonel,
knights for his gallant service, and suc-
ceeded to the property in lack of direct
heirs.
Scamman, my host, was something more
than head keeper. Evidently he had
been one of those ancient trusted servants
to whom the honor and welfare of a fam-
ily are dear as to its own members. And
by the sad look on his face whenever he
spoke of the squire of Linwood I fancied
some portion of the family history
was mournful and unhappy.
"Do you see much of Lady Linwood,"
I asked.
"Never sir. She always is abroad.
And there's never been a Linwood here
since the last squire died."
"That was long ago?"
"Yes sir, long ago. Five and forty
years ago, sir," said he musingly, his
eyes fixed on the fire. "Five and forty
years ago—and like yesterday."
I was interested. The keeper's man-
ner and expressions were all unlike his
class, and I felt a curiosity, as we all do
when something tells us of a hidden his-
tory.
"I suppose the last squire had a good
stock of game?" said I.
"Yes sir. Hundreds of pheasants he
turned out. I was a youngster then—
underkeeper—and I used to fetch all the
sacks of barley to feed 'em."
"And was he much of a sportsman?"
"Yes sir. With the gun, rod, and
horse he was unequalled in all the country
round. He was a tall, fine man, with coal
black hair and whiskers, pleasant and
kind to the tenants, but with a fearful
temper, if anything should go wrong.
He'd rave and swear, and smash all around
him in the room when he was in one of
his storms. The only person who man-
aged him was Miss Dora."
Here the keeper became silent, and a
look of deep sadness came over his rug-
ged face.
"You'll have to stay a longish time,
sir, for your things are soaked. So if
you like to hear it, I'll tell you the story.
I suppose I'm like an old man, sir, and
like to wander," he added with a smile of
natural dignity and courtesy which might
have befitted a prince.
"Mr. George Linwood, five and forty
years ago, was the squire. He lived with
his mother a gentle lady. She was
always on her sofa, and never well, but
kind as an angel to the poor. Miss Dora
Maitland, her niece, came to stay up at
the hall with them. Her parents were
very poor, and she'd six sisters; so they
were very glad—Miss Dora's parents, I
mean—when Mrs. Linwood said she'd
adopt her as her daughter. I heard this
you know from the lady's maid at the
Hall, who was afterwards my wife. She
died years ago." And the old man
sighed, and glanced at an empty chair
near his own.
"Well, sir," he resumed, "Miss Dora
came, and Mrs. Linwood was very fond
of her. So was everybody, for she was
so sweet and gentle, and her voice was
like a blackbird's. Everybody about the
estate knew Miss Dora, and she used to
go about in a broad hat and a red
scarf for all the world like a blackbird in
the holly. The cottagers used to know
her; for whenever any one was ill, there
Miss Dora was, petting and cosseting
them."
"So, sir," resumed the old man after a
pause, "by and by Mr. George became
fond of Miss Dora. He used to follow
her about and watch all her wishes. He
broke in the cheapest filly himself, and
used to ride with her. But she seemed
ashamed of him. His temper was so self-
ish, and she heard his curses once when he
was bitterly angry, though he didn't know
she was in hearing, and she seemed to
shrink from him. She was such a beauty
—golden hair, and eyes, sir, just like the
sky on a clear day, such a deep, clear
blue, while her complexion the village
girls used to call roses and lilies. I've
heard it said that a great portrait painter
came down to paint her face, and showed
it in London as the greatest beauty he'd
seen anywhere.
"Mrs. Linwood, sir, the servants could
all see, was very anxious about Mr.
George. She'd murmur to herself for
hours about him, and she was always

looking at him and Miss Dora so wistful
like, as if she didn't dare to say what was
on her tongue. So things went on, till
one day a company of soldiers marched
into the village. The officer in command
was invited by Mr. Linwood to dine, and
he did so, but he didn't see Mrs. Linwood
or Miss Dora, for they were both in with
colds, and they stayed up stairs. The
officer was a handsome young man, with
keen grey eyes, and a quiet manner, and
a look of real honesty about him, sir.
Mr. Linwood asked him to come when he
could get leave and shoot.
"Well, by and by he came—Captain
Calton was his name, and he wore the
Waterloo medal, for he'd been in the heat
of that; and he came in late one night
after dressing, into the drawing room.
There was Mrs. Linwood and Miss Dora.
The Squire introduced him; and when sud-
denly the Captain grew very agitated, and
Miss Dora gave a little shriek, and then
looked so charming that half an eye
might see, Polly my wife said, where her
heart was.
"The Squire didn't see this, and fortu-
nately, too, for only the day before he'd
asked Miss Dora to marry him, and she,
crying bitterly, had refused.
"The Squire went off wild duck shoot-
ing with me, but he layed his gun down
in the punt, and kept staring sternly in
the air and muttering to himself. You
may guess, sir, that I held my tongue.
"Well, sir, at dinner nothing much was
said, for Captain Calton seemed very si-
lent, and so did Miss Dora. The Squire
drank a good deal, and talked about the
shooting, but now and then he looked at
his cousin with such a wild, eager look
that it made her blush like a rose when-
ever he caught her eye.
"After dinner, when Polly was putting
some embroidery away in the cabinet at
the end of the drawing-room, she heard
Miss Dora tell Mrs. Linwood enough to
find out that Captain Calton was her old
lover, whom she'd met at Bath with her
parents, and that they were to be married
when he got rich enough. Polly could
not help hearing it, sir, all women are
curious about lovers," continued the old
man smiling, "but she loved Miss Dora
with all her heart, and wouldn't have said
a word about it for all the world."
Several days went on, and the Squire
and the Captain went out shooting, and
Dick Smith, the head keeper, used to go
with them.
"One day Miss Dora came down in the
little pony carriage with the luncheon.
The Squire was just finishing the best of
a copoe, but Captain Calton was outside
When Miss Dora came up he took her
hand and kissed it. But I saw it, though
I wasn't such a booby as to show myself.
What was worse, sir, the Squire saw it
through the hazel bushes, and her pretty
face blushing and looking happy. I
heard him grind his teeth where I stood
and whisper a curse. Did you ever hear
one whisper sir? It makes you creep
all over.
"Presently he came out with a very
jolly air, and after lunch he drank Miss
Dora's health and then the Captain's. I
was carrying the bag, and the Squire
spoke in a bluff sort of a way, so I heard
it all.
"My cousin is a pretty girl," said he.
"Yes," said Captain Calton, nervously
like, and I could see his hand tremble.
"Ah, well," said the Squire, heartily,
"I used to be jealous; for I always ad-
mired Dora, that I did. But what's the
use now? Never mind old fellow, I
wish you joy of her, you must excuse my
temper, it's a devilish bad one."
"That was true then he thought," mut-
tered the old man musingly.
"Captain Calton answered him in a very
friendly way, and the matter went all
right.
"The Squire was in a dreadful temper
the next morning with Dick and me be-
cause we hadn't killed some stray dogs
that had been driving the woods.
"He was very savage against poachers,
and swore he'd have spring guns for their
dogs in the open runs of the copoes.
"So matters went on till just about
Christmas, when a large party of the
Squire came over to shoot under pleas-
ant covers.
"That day we had no peace. All the
spring guns were taken up, damaged
raising put in the runs to toll the pheas-
ants there, and the woods were watched
every night. On the night before we met
the Squire, who gave us a curse or two
for running against him as he came
around the copoe. He'd been looking after
the raisins he said, for he was a good
hand at seeing his orders carried out.
"The next day all the party went from
the Hall to the woods, only the Captain;
he loitered to have a few words with Miss
Dora. He drew her back into the Hall
and kissed her; and I shall never forget
the way she clasped his hands and looked
into his eyes, saying a word or two. The
Squire saw it, and I saw his face. It was
dreadful to see for he had bitten his lower
lip in two. He pretended not to see
them, and walked on after the rest of the
party.
"The Squire was very particular in his
shooting parties about every one going
just as he wanted them to. So now he
gave every one their instructions where to
go. And Captain Calton he told to
take a ride, which was a good one for
through hollies, but a good one for
middle of the copoe, with me, and Dick
Smith headed the hunters at the end.
"Well, sir, the beating began, and the
pheasants got up well, and there were
several shots fired. What did to me
that the Squire never shot at anything,
though, for all that, several birds went
by him. I didn't dare to speak, though,
for he looked so stern, that I didn't
"By and by he turned and saw Captain

Calton in another part. He swore but
that I took no notice of.
"We'll beat this wood again before lunch,"
he said; so of course we all came out
after an hour or two, during which the
Squire missed everything. We all went
back to the wood again." Here the old
keeper paused and drew a deep breath.
"What's coming, sir, has never been
out of my mind since, day or night, for
fifty years, I assure you.
"We came back to the copoe, and were
all put into our old positions, and then
the Squire told the Captain to take the
holly ride again.
"I suppose Dora will be here soon with
the luncheon," he said with a laugh.
"Soon enough—soon enough," said the
Squire, with a dreadful sort of a laugh,
and his back eyes gleaming like coals.
The shooting went on, and presently
a shot sounded from near the holly ride.
"What's that?" said the Squire suddenly.
"Captain shot a cock, sir, outside the
copoe," said Dick Smith, quietly winking
at me; he knew how savage the Squire
was at men changing their positions.
"Here comes Miss Dora," said I, "she's
going through the holly ride."
"What!" screamed the Squire, as he
wheeled round and saw her: "Dora! I
not there! back! for Heaven's sake
back!"
"But she didn't hear him, for the span-
iels were in full cry, and the beater's
voice drowned the Squire's.
"Dora!" he screamed—yes, that's the
word—"stop! you're—"
"Before he got the word out there was
a little report like a pistol—a wreath of
blue smoke curled up from Miss Mait-
land's feet, and she fell—fell, with her
pretty white dress all streaked on the
bosom with blood.
"Ah, sir," said the old man shuddering,
"it makes my heart cold even to think
of it."
"I ran up and lifted her; she moaned
once when we raised her. Her sweet
face was white and pinched with pain.
"But Captain Calton came up like a
man struck dumb. He knelt down and
drew her, poor girl, on his breast, and
laid her poor head there as if she was a
tired child.
"The Surgeon of the village was with
us. He came up, sir, as we stood round,
rough fellows as we were, all sobbing; he
knelt down and looked at the wound, and
then, sir, shook his head.
"Meanwhile, the squire was being held
by two men, cursing, swearing and tear-
ing the grass, cursing himself and his
birth, and calling on somebody to blow
his brains out, and they dragged him into
the bushes so as not to be heard by the
dying girl.
"She looked up at her lover once, and
her sweet blue eyes were all dim. Do
you know the glazing, filmy look that
creeps over one dying from a gunshot
wound? Ah, it is enough to break one's
heart.
"She caught her breath several times.
Her lover kept his handkerchief to her
over wound, but it didn't bleed much
outwardly; only you could see her going,
and she looked so beautiful, just like a
wax mask, sir, white as a lily.
"Poor, poor Freddy!" she murmured,
and put her little hand on his heart.
"My darling," he said, and then he
gave such a sob that seemed to tear his
very heart up, sir.
"Kiss me, my own," she said, as her
beautiful dimming eyes, with her last
look of love, were turned to his. "I
can't see—it's all dark, but I'm on your
bosom, Freddy, dear—on your bosom—
love."
"These words she murmured one by
one, and then gave a long sigh, and it
was all over.
"He took her up, sir, and there was
such an awful look of grief on his face
that he seemed turned to stone.
"He'd let no one touch her, and he car-
ried her in his arms home.
"She said she was on my bosom," he
said, in a voice that you wouldn't have
known for his; and then he walked on
like a man in some dream.
"Well, sir, there is no more to tell.
The Squire only lived two years and died
in a mad house.
"He had set a spring gun in the ride,
meaning it for the Captain. As for the
Captain, he went to the East Indies, I
heard, and died. That's my story, sir."

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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Frightful Calamity in Mexico—De- struction of the City of Alamos— Thousands of Lives Lost.

The city of Alamos, situated in the
southern portion of Sonora, Mexico, has
been swept out of existence by a visita-
tion of nature—namely a combined attack
of two great forces, wind and water. The
terrible event occurred during the great
sea storm, lasting from the 15th to the
18th ult. The New York Herald pub-
lishes the following details from a private
letter:
On the 15th it commenced to rain, and
on the 16th a genuine rain and wind
storm set in, lasting until the 18th. It
seemed as if the very floodgates of heaven
had opened and that a second deluge was
upon the world. The wind too, roared
with dreadful fury, and all the elements
seemed combined for some dreadful car-
nage. We little thought what was in
store for our beautiful city. But soon
the tale was told and the destruction com-
plete, or almost complete. The storm
lasted until late in the evening of the
18th. During its continuance it appeared
as if no human being could live within
its reach. The Alamos river was swollen
to a great height, and in its wild headlong
course, carried everything before it.
Houses were swept away like so many
straws, and whole blocks of buildings were
thrown down like so many rotten trees.
The wind was no less terrible than the
water. Houses were unroofed and blown
to shatters, tiles and like material were
scattered through the air like chaff; and
strong trees were uprooted as if they had
been cornstalks. The best part of the
city is totally destroyed. About the
only buildings saved worthy of mention,
are the mint, the church and the old
State College. These stood on high
ground, and this advantage with their
solidity, saved them. Dr. Hill, an Amer-
ican resident, had three houses carried
away, and is a lower to the amount of
about \$10,000. Mr. T. Robinson, an
American doing a banking business
here, had his banking house swept away.
Others have suffered severely. The loss
of life has been quite large. Sixty dead
bodies have been picked up. Some of
them were mangled fearfully, and could
scarcely be recognized. Many of the
bodies were found miles down the river.
Undoubtedly, the number found will be
largely increased by other unfortunate
ones. I have written you these few lines
hurriedly, but do not attempt to describe
or explain this most extraordinary phre-
nomenon of a seventy-two hours whirl-
wind and deluge.

The ruined city of Alamos was the
Athens of Northwestern Mexico, or, at
least, had that reputation. Its women
were reputed to be the loveliest and most
intelligent throughout the republic, and
its citizens were highly spoken of as con-
trasted with those of other populations.
There was a great deal of wealth, refine-
ment and luxury among the better classes.
It was a sort of sanctified Jerusalem where
the proud Spanish blood and brain held
ascendancy and would not be poisoned
with contact with Indian and negro mix-
tures. Alamos, as a city, had fame
before the great metropolis of New York
was known. It is old among the many
old towns of Mexico. Surrounding it
have been some of the richest mines in
the world, and from which the city has
had its chief support. At the time of its
destruction it contained a population of
about 7,000 souls, though geographical
dictionaries place the number at 10,000,
which is at least 8,000 too many. Un-
happily for its people, the number is
lessened through a terrible misfortune
and the "City of Poplar Groves" has fal-
len to the dust (even as man falls) in its
strength.

In a Quagmire.

A spy correspondent of the Louis-
ville Courier relates the matrimonial ex-
perience of one Verdant Green, a friend
of his:
Verdant had lived an unsophisticated
life until he had reached the ripe age of
twenty-one. About that time a neighbor
of V's father employed a governess from
New York. V met her at a picnic, and
as she was the first lady he ever met that
could make him feel at ease in her society,
he fell violently in love with her. His
bashfulness, under the skillful tutelage of
the governess, was rapidly away, and
ere long he had consented to become her
bridegroom. The bridal party stopped
at a Cincinnati hotel, and after many a
weary hour, the most momentous mo-
ment in a man's whole life, arrived for
Verdant. On two chairs were piled a
pyramid of skirts, etc., and on a table
near the head of the bed the astonished
eyes of Verdant beheld a sight which
froze him with horror. There were false
calves, false hips, false palpitators and
false hair. In one tumbler of water was
a full set of false teeth, from another
a glass eye stared at the bewildered bride-
groom. How long he stood, Verdant
knoweth not, but after awhile a hollow
and strange voice from under the bed
clothes addressed him thus:
"Why don't you come to bed, dear?"
"So I would, but by—, I don't know
whether to get into bed, or get upon the
table."

A Tennessee official recently offered
\$50 for the scalp of a Ku-Klux. He
was waited on by a party of four, who
offered him the opportunity to make his
selection from the heads, but he didn't
care to just then.

Rossini has left all his fortune, sup-
posed to be very large, to his widow, with
the exception of \$120 a year to fund
two prizes, one for music and the other
for poetry.